

The Miserable Wretch

You got married young, love clouding your senses from the kind of person your spouse... always was, you now realize. It's been years since you saw them the way you once did and you know they will never be that person again but, either way, you committed to stand by them, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, no matter what. That's what made you stay, when you opened the enormous bill for the first credit card you didn't even know was in your name. That's what made you stay, the first time they shattered plates on the floor after you burned dinner. Then your child was what made you stay, the first time your spouse pushed you through the wall. Later, you couldn't imagine taking your two children away from their other parent despite mounting debt and so, intimidated by the debt collectors, you swallowed your pride and your morals and found yourself in the Gilded Lily, asking for a job.

Now, your spouse taunts you for being a good-for-nothing whore while they demand your tips for the day, even though they can't seem to hold down any kind of job themselves and instead spend their days in a haze of weed smoke and who knows what else. Seeing how drugs affect them (and your youngest's asthma) has given you a strong dislike for all such substances and makes you incredibly uncomfortable to see clients use any. Now you swallow more than just your pride and morals: your disgust, your shame, your sadness. But you have no skills, no experience, no money, no credit, and two children; if not this, then what else?

At a recent date, you worked yourself into an aerobic sweat and then the client complained that you'd "just laid there". The Madam threatened to fire you if there were any more "incidents" like that. You're not sure if it matters what kind of Madam replaces this one, although some of your colleagues – not the nicer ones – are talking about trying to buy the Lily to run it themselves. In that case, you might end up having to turn tricks on the street, a very dangerous prospect.

When you first started, **The Happy Hooker** and **The Girlfriend** were a sort of welcoming party; while the former gets on your nerves (how can they *enjoy* this disgusting work?!), the latter shows real empathy and sometimes lets you cry on their shoulder. **The Sweetheart** is also especially kind but you really vibe well with their fiancé/e, **The Flamboyant**, and have so much in common with them including a mutual disgust for drug users. You'd be ashamed to admit you've developed a secret, illicit crush and have grown slightly jealous of **The Sweetheart**.

On the other side, **The Apple Doesn't Fall Far**, **The Practical**, and **The Investor** show neither sympathy nor friendliness, the latter bordering on open antagonism, while **The Brown-noser** is not to be trusted at all: shortly after you started, they reported you for providing extra services beyond what had been agreed with the Madam (for an extra tip that let you make rent that month) and the Madam chewed you out in front of everyone. Since then, you avoid them.

In **The Responsible** you found the closest thing to a real friend. Together you commiserate on bills, "real" life responsibilities, the shame associated with your jobs, and the fear that others, especially child protective services, might ever find out.